

★ BATTLEFIELD ACTION

FIRE-FIGHT ACTION DRAMA

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AUTHORITY

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A Charlton
Publication

10¢

Battlefield Action

'THE GHOST ON
T-BONE HILL'



'THE
NAMELESS
HERO'

'THE
EXPERIENCED
P.F.C.'





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SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

Volume 2, Number 24

MAY, 1959

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BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE RATTLED LIEUTENANT DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO--HE COULD HEAR THE GERMAN TANKS MOVING UP IN THE DARKNESS, HE KNEW VON KESSERLING'S TROOPS SURROUNDED THEIR POSITION, AND HIS MEN WERE AS INEXPERIENCED AS HE WAS... AT LEAST HE THOUGHT SO UNTIL THE WHISPER CAME TO HIM IN THE DARKNESS!

THE EXPERIENCED P.F.C.

USE YOUR FLARE GUN, LIEUTENANT! FIRE TWO RED FLARES! ARTILLERY WILL PLASTER THE AREA WITH ARMOR PIERCING SHELLS!

HUH? FLARE GUN? OH, YES! THAT'S RIGHT! TWO RED FLARES! I'VE GOT THEM HERE SOMEWHERE...

PFC. CLARKE, MOVING CAREFULLY, FOUND THE GUN AND THE FLARES! THEN, CLARKE FIRED THE FLARES...

IT GOT RESULTS...AT ONCE!

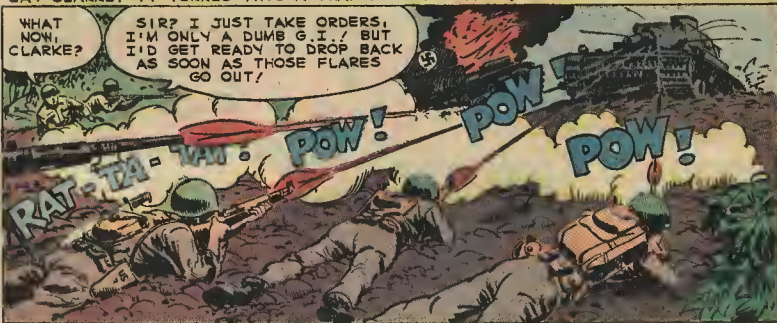
POOF!
POOF!

WHAM!

NOW, LIEUTENANT, SEND UP WHITE FLARES! HAVE YOUR MACHINE GUNNERS READY TO FIRE!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

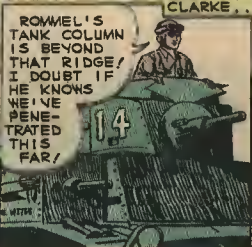
IT WORKED PERFECTLY--LT. ARTHUR FITCH'S PLATOON HAD BEEN ON THE POINT OF PANIC, THE LIEUTENANT HAD BEEN CONFUSED, NOW, WITH THE ADVICE OF PFC. JAY CLARKE, IT TURNED INTO A TRAP FOR THE NAZIS!



CLARKE ACTED LIKE AN OLD HAND--BUT ACCORDING TO HIS PAPERS, HE'S BEEN IN THE ARMY FIVE MONTHS WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS MILITARY SERVICE!----



ON HIS 201 FORM, CLARKE WAS LISTED AS 37 YEARS OF AGE, AND HE HAD VOLUNTEERED INTO THE ARMY IN JUNE, 1944, BUT, AT KASSERINE PASS, IN AFRICA, THERE HAD BEEN A LT. COLONEL JAMES J. CLARKE...



WE'LL ENTRENCH ALONG THIS SIDE OF THE RIDGE, AT THE CREST! WHEN I SIGNAL, WE'LL OPEN FIRE AT ONCE!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

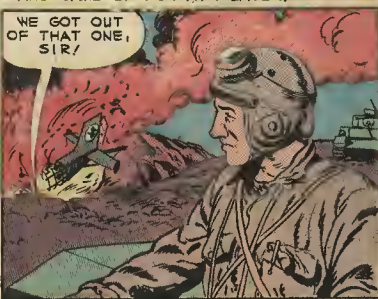
THE STUKAS CAME DOWN AT THEM--LT. COLONEL CLARKE'S TANKS HAD NO COVER NOW--ERE TO HIDE!

--WE'RE GOING BACK DOWN INTO THE VALLEY/ THE PLANES CAN ONLY ATTACK EAST TO WEST THEN/ THE RIDGES WILL CLOSE US ON TWO SIDES!

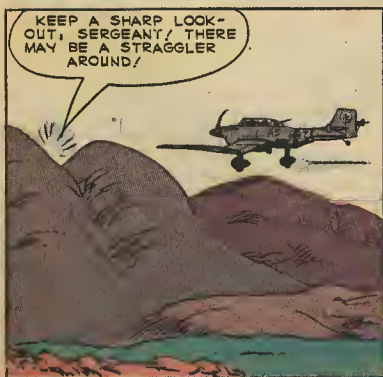


THAT'S IT--
YOU GOT HIM,
DAN!

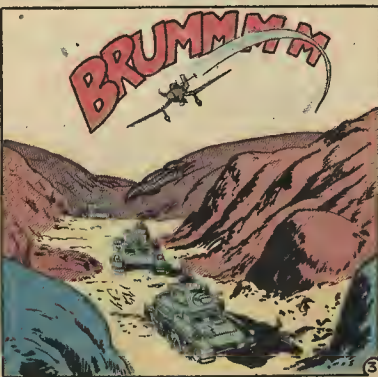
CLARKE'S TANK BATTALION FOUGHT OFF THE STUKAS... THEY WERE IN THE CLEAR WHEN HE THREW THE LID BACK AND CAME UP FOR AIR LATER!



WE GOT OUT
OF THAT ONE,
SIR!



KEEP A SHARP LOOK-
OUT, SERGEANT! THERE
MAY BE A STRAGGLER
AROUND!

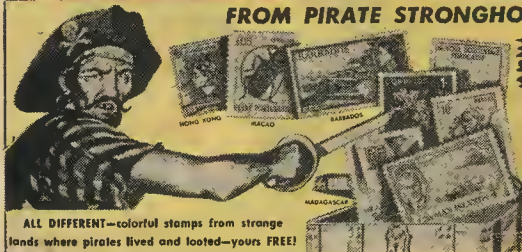


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TO GET NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

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ALL DIFFERENT—colorful stamps from strange lands where pirates lived and looted—yours FREE!

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islands. Most of these stamps are uncancelled, making them all the more valuable!

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Mail Coupon NOW

Send coupon at once with 10¢ to cover mailing. Stamps and free copy of "How to Collect Stamps" will be sent to you immediately—IF YOU ACT AT ONCE! Other interesting offers included for your inspection. If coupon has already been clipped, send name and address with 10¢ to: LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. 9-CB-34, Littleton, N. H.

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Spaces for 11,000 stamps.
Packed with pictures, descriptions of countries. 176 pages. Yours for only \$1.
FREE MAGNIFIER AND STAMP PINS if you act now.

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Please send me FREE "Treasure Chest" of stamps plus 50 "Mystery" stamps and free copy of "How to Collect Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing. Also send other interesting stamp offers for my inspection. I understand that I am not obligated to buy any stamps from you — now or later.

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☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WISH DISCOVERER ALBUM, and enclose only \$1 more. Stamp magnifier and pins included at no extra charge. Money back if not delighted.



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(AS USED IN HAND COMBAT)

Yes, this is your chance to be the first in your neighborhood to have this realistic "weapon". It's an exact replica of the one used by the army and our marines in fierce hand-to-hand combat, to wipe out machine-gun nests, demolish trenches, "get" concealed snipers, defend against massed attack.

Just cock the firing mechanism, load the cap and you're ready! Imagine — you're a marine creeping up on that machine-gun nest, your grenade is in your hand. You creep close, low. Now you're in range, you pull the safety pin with your teeth and throw! Bull's eye, right into the nest. Blast! The machine gun flies out broken. Now silence. Your buddies cheer — the advance starts up again!

This grenade explodes 4 seconds after pulling pin as it strikes ground. Can't break. Heavy gauge steel firing mechanism. Uses standard caps. Can be exploded over and over. Comes complete with throwing instructions. (Parents: This toy grenade is completely harmless!) Clip ad, write your name and address clearly in margin and send it with \$1.00 plus 25c shipping charge — cash, check or money order to:

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1472 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

(Canadian Orders: Send \$1.50 Postal Money Order)

ONLY \$7.00

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

GET DOWN--
OPEN UP ON
THAT STUKA!

BLAM!

LT. COL. CLARKE'S MEN WERE GOOD...
THEY NAILED THE NAZI JUST AS HE
PULLED OUT OF THE DIVE!

WHAM!

WE GOT 'IM, SIR! WE...
WHERE'S COLONEL CLARKE?

LT. COLONEL CLARKE HAD BEEN HIT
TWICE... BOTH WOUNDS WERE IN THE
HEAD! HIS CREWMEN TOOK HIM TO AN
AID STATION...

HE'S IN BAD
SHAPE--FRACTURE WITH SUBDURAL
PRESSURE! HE NEEDS TO BE OPERATED
ON AT ONCE! WE CAN'T DO IT HERE
EITHER!

WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE HIM BY JEEP TO
ANOTHER STATION FURTHER BACK!

FURTHER BEHIND THE LINES LT. COL.
CLARKE WAS OPERATED ON! THEN, AFTER
A FLIGHT IN A C47, A SECOND OPER-
ATION WAS PERFORMED IN LONDON 30
HOURS LATER!

WE'LL HAVE TO USE
A SILVER PLATE IN HIS HEAD--
HE'LL LIVE BUT HE'S THROUGH IN
THE ARMY!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

HE'D GOTTEN A PROMOTION--COLONEL CLARKE ALMOST DIED A HALF DOZEN TIMES IN THE THREE DAYS FOLLOWING THE OPERATION/ THEN HE BEGAN GETTING STRONGER...

I'VE...I MUST GET BACK TO MY OUTFIT!

YES, COLONEL/ SOON--BUT MEANWHILE, YOU NEED REST!



THE COLONEL RECOVERED AMAZINGLY FAST--HE WAS ON HIS FEET IN ONE MONTH/

I'M BETTER THAN EVER/ I WANT TO BE SENT BACK TO MY BATTALION!



BUT WHEN COL. CLARKE FACED THE HEAD DOCTOR/

YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO HEAR THE TRUTH, COLONEL/ YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK--YOU'RE BEING GIVEN A MEDICAL DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY!



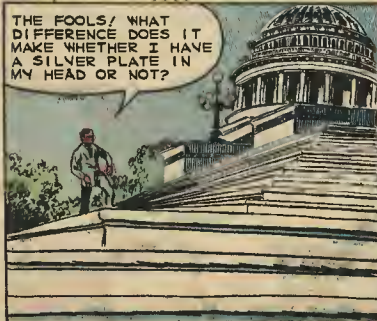
WHAT/ THERE'S A WAR ON, MAN/ THE ARMY NEEDS ME/ I'M A TANK COMMANDER, THEY NEED EXPERIENCED OFFICERS/

COOL OFF, COLONEL/ I'M AFRAID THE PAPERS ARE ALREADY MADE OUT...I'M SORRY!

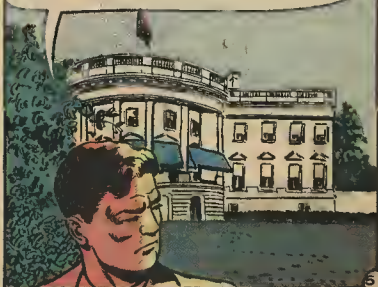


COLONEL JAMES CLARKE WAS GIVEN A MEDICAL DISCHARGE IN DECEMBER 1943/ HE WAS BITTER....

THE FOOLS/ WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHETHER I HAVE A SILVER PLATE IN MY HEAD OR NOT?



I TRIED EVERYTHING I KNOW--I APPEALED TO GENERALS I SERVED WITH, POLITICIANS, EVERYONE/ THEY ALL SAY THAT I'M TOO FRAGILE TO BE USEFUL TO THE ARMY ANY MORE!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

JAMES CLARKE WAS LOST AS A CIVILIAN... HE APPLIED FOR WORK IN A WAR PLANT AND...

I'M SORRY, COLONEL, WE HAVE RULES JUST LIKE THE ARMY! WE CAN'T HIRE A MAN IN YOUR CONDITION!



HE QUIT THAT JOB IN A HURRY...



I DON'T LOOK FORTY IF I KEEP THE GREY HAIRS SHAVED OFF MY CHIN! I'LL TRY IT... BUT I'VE GOT TO FIX UP MY PAPERS FIRST!

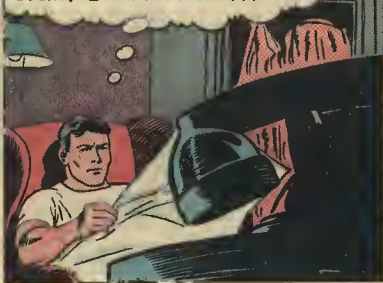


CLARKE FOUND A JOB AT LAST... BUT HE HATED IT!

WE WANT THAT ARMY CONTRACT, COLONEL! YOU CAN GET IT FOR US, YOU KNOW THE GENERAL IN THE OFFICE AT THE PENTAGON! THIS IS WHY WE'RE PAYING YOU BIG MONEY!

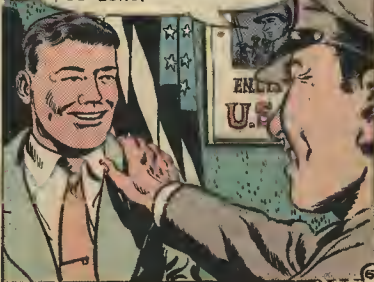


THE COLONEL READ THE WAR NEWS. THEN, AS HE READ, HE BEGAN GETTING AN IDEA... THEY'RE DRAFTING MEN UP TO THE AGE OF THIRTY-EIGHT! I'M FIFTY ONE...



THE EX-COLONEL WENT TO A RECRUITING OFFICE FOUR DAYS LATER...

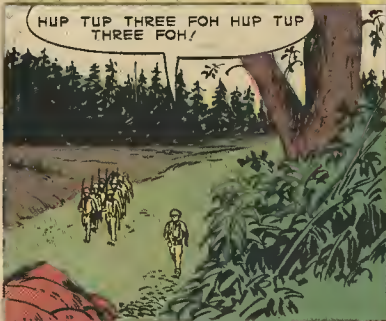
SURE, YOU CAN ENLIST, MISTER! WHY DID YOU WAIT SO LONG?



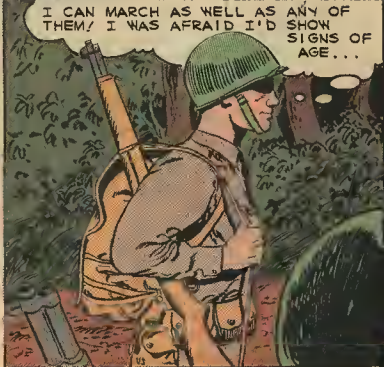
BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE UNSUSPECTING ARMY DOCTORS PASSED HIM WITHOUT QUESTION. HE WAS A PRIVATE IN THE ARMY IN JUNE, 1944!

HUP TUP THREE FOH HUP TUP
THREE FOH!



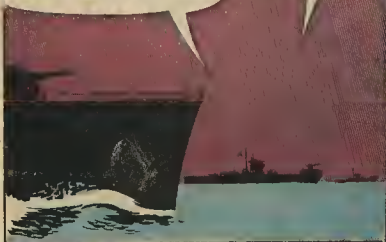
I CAN MARCH AS WELL AS ANY OF
THEM! I WAS AFRAID I'D SHOW
SIGNS OF
AGE...



CLARKE, ASSIGNED TO A PLATOON OF
REPLACEMENTS, WENT OVERSEAS IN
LATE OCTOBER...

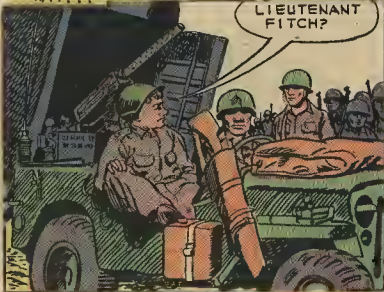
I TRIED TO MAKE YOU
A SERGEANT, CLARKE!
WHY DO YOU REFUSE
A NONCOM'S RATING?

TOO MUCH
RESPONSIBILITY,
LIEUTENANT!



THE PLATOON WAS INTENDED TO BE
BROKEN UP, THE MEN USED TO RE-
PLACE OTHERS IN EXPERIENCED OUT-
FITS! IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT
WAY...

LIEUTENANT
FITCH?



THAT TRUCK WILL TAKE YOU AND YOUR
PLATOON TO THE FORWARD AREA! YOU
WILL REPORT TO MAJOR ALLEN AS
ORDERED!



I CAN HEAR THUNDER! IT IS
THUNDER AIN'T IT, CLARKE?



NO, IT'S
NOT THUNDER, SER-
GEANT! THAT'S GERMAN
ARTILLERY--EIGHTY
EIGHT MILLIMETERS, THE
KIND THEY HAVE MOUNTED
ON THEIR TANKS!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

IT WAS AN ERROR THAT SENT THEM, AS A UNIT, TO A COMBAT AREA...AND ANOTHER ERROR PUT THEM DOWN ALONE NEAR A ROAD INTO GERMANY.

MY ORDERS WERE TO DELIVER YOU HERE, SIR.

I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE DISMISSED, DRIVER.



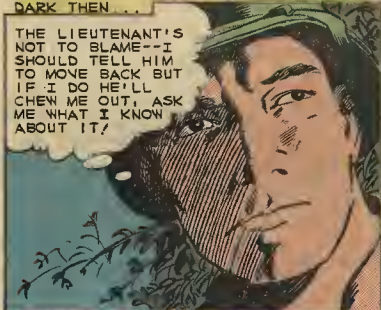
WE'LL WAIT HERE-- THE MAJOR WE'RE TO REPORT TO IS PROBABLY ON HIS WAY!

BUT, LIEUTENANT, THIS IS A FORWARD AREA! WHERE IS OUR OUTPOST? WHERE ARE THE NAZIS?



THE LIEUTENANT DIDN'T KNOW--SO HE BLUSTERED AND BLUFFED AND HAD THEM STAY RIGHT WHERE THEY WERE! IT GOT DARK THEN...

THE LIEUTENANT'S NOT TO BLAME--I SHOULD TELL HIM TO MOVE BACK BUT IF I DO HE'LL CHEW ME OUT. ASK ME WHAT I KNOW ABOUT IT!



I HEARD SOMEONE OVER THERE! AND I CAN HEAR TANK ENGINES IDLING!



THEY DID A MOMENT LATER...A GERMAN SAW A G.I. AND OPENED FIRE!

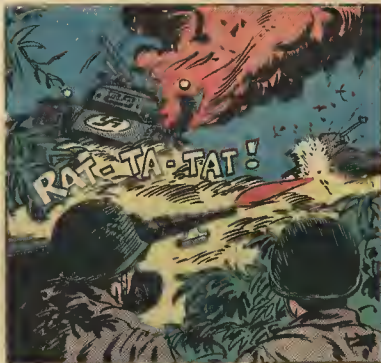
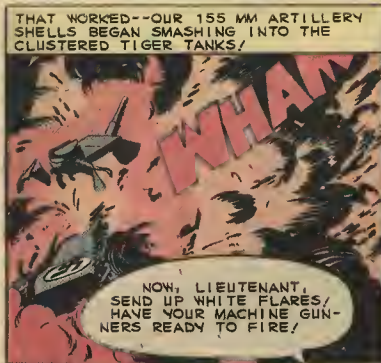
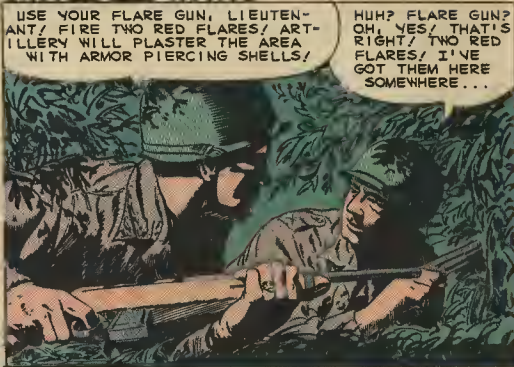
GERMANS! HEY, SIR, THERE ARE TANKS OVER IN THE WOODS TOO!



THIS IS ROUGH! A GERMAN TANK UNIT IS MOVING UP--THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE BUT THEY'LL FIND OUT FAST ENOUGH!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

PFC. CLARKE REMAINED BEHIND WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE TO DIRECT ARTILLERY FIRE! ARTILLERY? GERMAN TANKS ON ROAD TO SEVENTEEN, NEAR FORK IN GRID SEVEN, GOT IT? USE ARMOR PIERCING SHELLS...AND GOOD LUCK!



AN ARMORED SCOUT CAR CAME ROARING UP BEARING A ONE STAR GENERAL WHO BELLEWED OUT!

I WANT THE MAN WHO CALLED IN THE INFORMATION TO ARTILLERY/ YOU, MAN!



CLARKE/ JIMMY, HOW DID YOU DO IT? WHY ARE YOU A PFC OVER HERE?

I'M A SOLDIER, GENERAL/ AND I AM NEEDED-- WHETHER I WEAR A COLONEL'S EAGLE OR A SINGLE STRIPE DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE!



THAT TANK OUT-FIT'S WIPED OUT, LIEUTENANT/ YOU'LL GET A DECORATION FOR THIS!

I WON'T, CLARKE/ BUT YOU CERTAINLY WILL!



I KNOW YOUR VOICE/ I'VE HEARD IT BE... WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SOLDIER?

CLARKE, JAY J. PRIVATE FIRST CLASS, GENERAL TUCKER, SIR!



PFC. CLARKE BECAME COLONEL CLARKE ONCE MORE--THE DIVISION MEDIC CHECKED HIM OVER AND OKAYED HIM ON THE SPOT!

SIR, IF WE CAN GET ARMOR TO HIT THEM OVER HERE...

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, COLONEL!



END

THE GHOST ON T-BONE HILL

MAJOR GALT'S COMPANY OF GREEN TROOPS LANDED WITH THE REINFORCEMENTS AT INCHON 200 MILES ABOVE PUSAN ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1950. THE MAJOR, A RESERVE RECALLED SHORT WEEKS BEFORE, DID HIS BEST TO PROTECT HIS MEN... BUT WHEN THE CHINESE BREAKTHRU CAME IN NOVEMBER, THE COMPANY WAS CUT OFF! MAJOR GALT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST CASUALTIES...



THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take if you followed any other method.



"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of The Champions"

"MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles — with power oozing out of every pore in your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!"



CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO
THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN
BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED

ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE

MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...

4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!

Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you lithe-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.



**NOTHING TO BUY!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT!**

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

**Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my GIANT 48 page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.

JOE WEIDER
801 Palisade Avenue, Union City, N. J.

Dept. 78-39 A

Shoot the works, Joel! Rush me my FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

MAJOR GALT DIDN'T MOVE AFTER HE WAS HIT... CAPT. DIROCCA, HIS EXEC, TOOK OVER AND LED THE COMPANY IN THE RETREAT THAT FOLLOWED!

KEEP GOING-CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

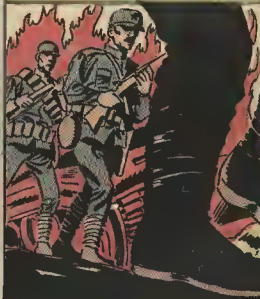
IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE-OLD IRONHEAD IS GONE!

IRONHEAD WAS A GOOD SKIPPER! DIROCCA'S OKAY BUT WE'RE SURE GONNA MISS THE OLD MAN!

THE REDS STREAMED SOUTH! TANKS, MORTARS, ALL THE SOVIET-SUPPLIED TOOLS OF WAR WENT WITH THE CHINESE REDS...

THE CHINESE HORDES FIGHTING WITH THE NORTH KOREANS KEPT GOING SOUTH-THEY CUT OFF 200,000 MEN...

MAJOR GALT'S COMPANY WASN'T CUT OFF-ABLY LED BY CAPT. DIROCCA, THEY FOUGHT THRU TO THE DEFENSE LINES SOUTH OF SEOUL!



HEY, SKIPPER, AIN'T YOU GONNA EAT?

I WILL-AFTER I SEE A CASUALTY LIST!



CAPT. DIROCCA BROUGHT WORD TO HIS MEN LATER...

THERE'S NO RECORD OF MAJOR GALT AT ALL! THE REDS LIST THE DEAD AND WOUNDED THEY FIND-HIS NAME ISN'T ON ANY LIST!

I'LL BET OLD IRONHEAD'S STILL ALIVE! HE'S A TOUGH OLD BIRD-YOU'LL SEE!

YOU'RE COMBAT-HAPPY, OX! THE OLD MAN'S GONE FOR GOOD!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE COMMIES WERE PREMATURELY CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORY IN KOREA—THEN ON FEB. 22, 1951, THE COUNTER-ATTACK BEGAN...

COME ON—MOVE OUT! MOVE OUT! WE'RE NOT STOPPING THIS TIME!

I WISH OLD IRON-HEAD WERE HERE TO SEE IT!



THEY GROUND OUT GAINS IN MILES, AND YARDS, AND INCHES... BUT THE U.N. TROOPS KEPT MOVING NORTH! PAST SEOUL...

OLD IRONHEAD WOULD LIKE THIS!

POW

KRAKK

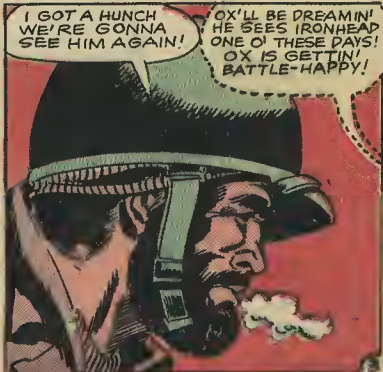


MAJOR GALT MUST BE DEAD, OX! WE'D HAVE HEARD IF HE WAS A PRISONER OR WOUNDED!

HE WAS TOUGH, JOE! TOUGHER THAN ALL THE REDS PUT TOGETHER!

I GOT A HUNCH WE'RE GONNA SEE HIM AGAIN!

OX'LL BE DREAMIN'! HE SEES IRONHEAD ONE O' THESE DAYS! OX IS GETTIN' BATTLE-HAPPY!



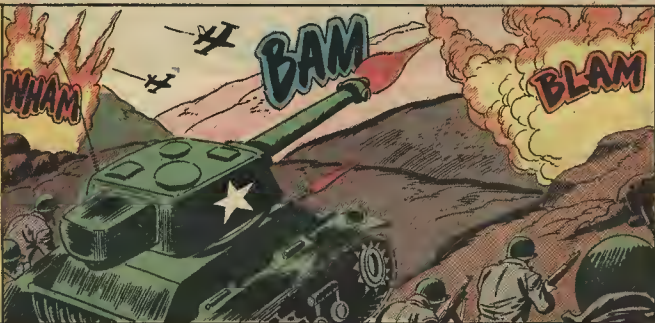
BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE U.N. FORCES GROUND TO A HALT NORTH OF SEOUL, ALONG THE 38TH PARALLEL — IT WAS AS FAR AS THEY COULD GO! BUT BITTER BATTLES STILL RAGED OVER THE SAME GROUND—AT OLD BALDY, FOR INSTANCE.

COME ON—WE'VE GOT TO RETREAT AGAIN! NEXT TIME WE TAKE THIS HILL, WE'LL STAY!



OTHER HILLS SAW BITTER FIGHTING—CAPITAL HILL, PORK CHOP HILL, ALL THE RIDGES ALONG THE 38TH PARALLEL WERE TAKEN AND RETAKEN TIME AFTER TIME!



CAPT. DIROCCA'S COMPANY SPENT MONTHS ON ANOTHER HILL—THEY CALLED IT T-BONE—AND HATED EVERY PULVERIZED PEBBLE ON IT!

THAT LAST CHARGE—I MUST BE CRACKIN' UP! CAPTAIN, DID YOU SEE HIM UP THERE?

WHO, OX? I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE BUT COMMIES—THOUSANDS OF THEM!



I SAW OLD IRONHEAD—MAJOR GALT!!!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

SNAP OUT OF IT, OX!
THIS IS NO TIME TO GO
PSYCHO ON ME -WE NEED
YOU UP HERE!



I SAW HIM THROWIN' GRENADES
UP THERE - HE WAS DRESSED
KINDA FUNNY BUT I SAW HIM
PLAIN AS I SEE YOU NOW!
DRESSED ALL IN WHITE...



THE MEN IN THE COMPANY HEARD IT, OF COURSE!
THEY KNEW OX HAD LIKED MAJOR GALT PLENTY
AND THEY WERE SURE HE'D FINALLY CRACKED
UP!

IF YOU CAN FIND A DOC AROUND HERE,
ASK HIM TO COME OVER! I HATE TO LOSE
OX, BUT IF HE'S SICK, HE'LL
HAVE TO BE SENT BACK!

YESSIR!



THE WORD CAME... A DOCTOR WAS ON THE WAY!
BUT THEY COULDN'T WAIT - THE COMMAND
WAS GIVEN - TAKE T-BONE HILL ONCE MORE!

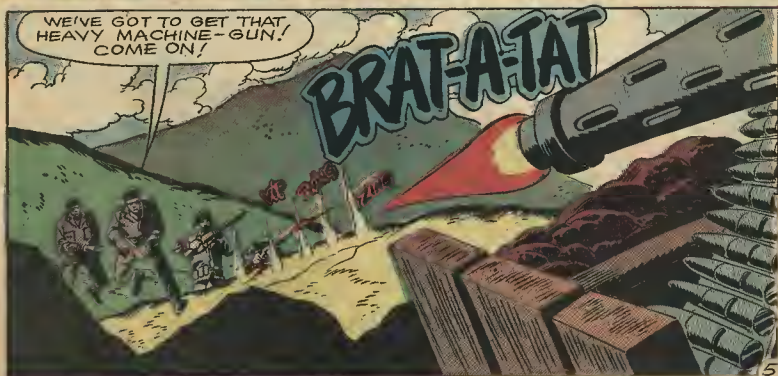
LET'S GO, OX! DON'T
WORRY - THEY'LL FIX
YOU UP BACK AT THE
HOSPITAL AFTER THIS
ONE LAST ATTACK!

I'M O.K., SKIPPER!
I STILL SWEAR I
SAW OLD IRON-
HEAD!



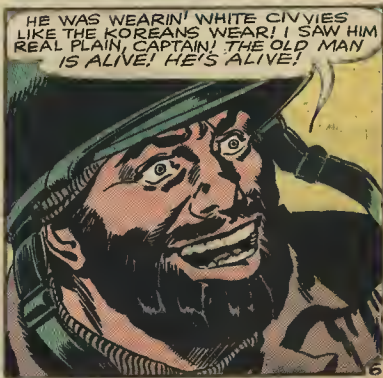
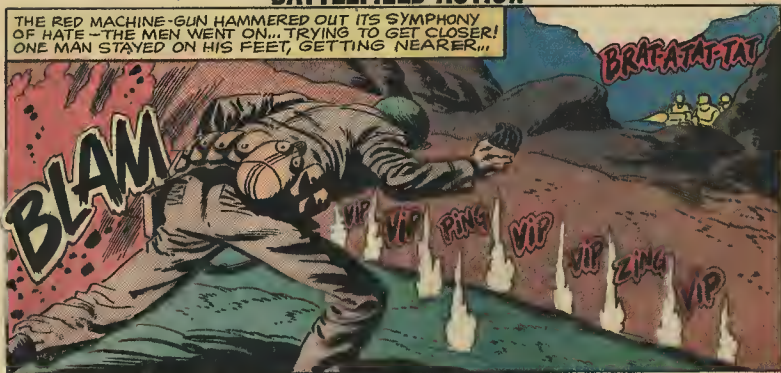
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT
HEAVY MACHINE-GUN!
COME ON!

BRAT-A-TAT



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE RED MACHINE-GUN HAMMERED OUT ITS SYMPHONY OF HATE - THE MEN WENT ON... TRYING TO GET CLOSER! ONE MAN STAYED ON HIS FEET, GETTING NEARER...



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

ALERT THE MEN—
WE'RE TAKING T-BONE
RIGHT NOW! AND TELL 'EM
IF THEY SEE A GUY IN WHITE
CIVVIES, DON'T SHOOT—IT
MIGHT BE MAJOR GALT!

YESSIR!



THE COMMIES WERE DIG IN—THEY SHOULD'VE
BEEN ABLE TO HOLD T-BONE HILL AGAINST
TWICE THAT MANY—BUT SOMETHING
STRANGE WAS HAPPENING...

COME ON—THE MACHINE GUNS
STOPPED FIRING! THIS IS OUR
CHANCE!



OX REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILL FIRST—
AND JUST IN TIME!



I KNEW IT!
IT'S OLD
IRONHEAD!

WELCOME BACK,
SIR! YOU'RE
COMMANDING
AGAIN, OF
COURSE, SIR!

I WOULDN'T HAVE
MADE IT WITHOUT
OX! I WAS AFRAID
YOU WOULDN'T
RECOGNIZE ME IN
THE CIVVIES!



THE OX SAW YOU TWICE
BEFORE ON THIS HILL,
MAJOR! WE'VE BEEN
ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR
YOU EVER SINCE HE
TOLD US!

THAT'S ODD! I
WAS NEVER ON
THIS HILL UNTIL
AN HOUR AGO!
I LEFT THE PEOPLE
WHO HELPED ME
LAST NIGHT A LONG
WAY NORTH
OF HERE!




END

150 CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS!

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EACH PIECE OF MOLDED PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN
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NETTED

When I mention the word "War", what comes to mind? Do you think of World War I, with its heavy battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, airplanes, Zeppelins and trench warfare? When I mention the word "War" again, you might get a mental picture of World War II. Here you would probably see the vast fleets of planes, submarines, tanks and rockets. Or you might still be thinking of the Korean Police Conflict.

Right now as I talk, there are wars going on all over the world. Not wars only of ideas but of bullets and guns and men who have to plan campaigns. My name is Major John Winston Hart. I am a Canadian by birth. I am the top commander of a group of soldiers known as the "Kenya Riflemen." We are at war. I repeat that again: We are at war!

Actually a campaign is still being waged on the northern frontier of Kenya against marauding tribesmen known as the "Merille" who cross the frontier of Ethiopia. In order to know what is taking place, you must know something about the area where the fighting occurred.

We call this area the "Ilemi Triangle." It is the area of the Sudan bounded by Kenya and Ethiopia. Actually this border area is under the administration of the Kenya police, whose head is Commissioner Richard Galing. There are a few tiny police posts scattered about the dusty and volcanic hills of this 30,000 square mile triangle. The police are hampered by a difficult terrain and the almost total lack of communications.

Let me describe for you a typical raid that took place a month ago. A band of Merille raiders waited for two days in the hills that separate Lake Rudolf in northwest Kenya from the desert. They were watching Turkana tribesmen building a camp and assembling their cattle. On the third night, they swooped silently down on the camp and pouring a volley of rifle fire, they rushed to the kill with spears.

There was little looting, for the Merille raiders burden themselves rarely with spoils, and it might hamper their escape. That raid seemed to have been timed to take advantage of recent rains which had created isolated pools off which the Merille can live without venturing near normal waterholes guarded by police patrols.

The Turkana tribesmen have spears to defend themselves, but they rarely offer any kind of resistance to the Merille raiders. This peculiar state of affairs has gone on for many years.

"Why don't you fight back?" I asked D'Gombi, one of the elders of the Turkana tribe.

"It is useless, Major Hart," he sadly informed me. "They have a magic to protect them. Neither spears nor bullets can touch them. They raid us and kill only some of us. The rest of us live. This is the price we must pay."

"Why?" I demanded.

"I do not know," he continued. "The Merille are devil men. This my father told me. And his father told him. I too have told the same to my son. Many centuries ago my people did something. I do not know what it was. It was lost in tradition. But because of the bad thing we did, we must suffer from the devil men."

I knew it would be futile to continue any longer with this type of conversation. So I dismissed D'Gombi. I intended to drive to Nairobi for the son of D'Gombi had been educated in England. It was part of our program to look into the future. We wanted educated men at the head of their tribes. Commissioner Richard Galing called upon me in my office. He had a large package which he placed upon my desk. Then he opened it.

"Where did you get that automatic rifle?" I asked.

"A Merille tribesman fell into a pit. I figure he wasn't missed by his own men for some reason or other. One of my policemen found what was left of him. You realize what this means?"

"I think I can figure it out," I sighed. "That's a Red rifle and one of the best made. So they are arming the tribesmen now. This gives us the opportunity I have been waiting for."

"I don't get it," said the Commissioner. "What can we do about the matter?"

"If the Reds are arming those natives, that means trouble also in Ethiopia. So far we have been up against the border line problem. We can't cross over in pursuit. Now I can contact Addis Ababa and show them the evidence. If they give us an o.k. to cross the border we really can do something."

Two weeks later I got my o.k. It was worded rather cleverly:

"His Majesty's Government has no objection to the pursuit of rebels who have defied the authority of Addis Ababa."

So I made my plans. Three hundred of my own riflemen. Sixty policemen under Commissioner Richard Galing. And Group Captain Herbert Palmer, the senior Royal Air Force Officer in East Africa. He would have six

planes put at my disposal. Then I spoke to Buda, the son of D'Gombi.

"I can come with ten young tribesmen I know. They will fight at your side, even if armed with spears," he informed me.

However we armed them with old rifles and soon the party was on its way. This time we had spies from the other side of the border in our pay. We knew that the Merille tribesmen were on the march. So we traveled by jeeps until we hit the jungle line and from there on came a slow tortuous journey.

From the deep pools the snouts of crocodiles protruded menacingly. One would occasionally slide off the sunbaked mud and into the water holes. We had to keep a sharp lookout for enormous snakes which coiled at the sound of our approach and waited to strike. We would camp during the night and wait on vigilant guard.

The moon was high over those somber volcanic mountains which towered high over the jungle in the distance. Full and almost overhead, the Abyssinian moon gave us as much light as does the sun through the haze. Then I got the coded message on our short wave set which sent shivers through my spine.

"They know where you are."

My second in command was Captain Lewis Burley. I called a hurried conference.

"They can be up in the trees. Then a withering fire from their automatic rifles. Finish off the survivors with spears," I told my officers. "I can't take a chance. We can't go back. But we are right at the border. I'm going to set fire to this section of the jungle. We all get out. They won't try to fight us, at least, not here. If they get out on the side of the river, I think we can try something different with our planes. They are waiting for a signal from me."

You just can't plan strategy on the impulse. Every action of mine was the result of a long time of thinking, testing and planning. So my radio sent the signal to Group Captain Herbert Palmer. Then we dumped cans of petrol on the ground and set the torch as soon as my men were on their way to the river.

All human beings fear fire. It is something

deep and fundamental in our make up. And I was correct as I later learned in what had been planned as a "massacre" for us. The tribesmen saw the flames. Down they came from the trees and headed for the opening near the river. But we were ahead of them by about an hour's start and that was the difference between defeat and victory.

We got to the river and the border ahead of them. We could have set up our three light machine guns and fought it out, but I was ready to try something different in warfare. The guns could wait if this plan failed. The planes were flying low and observed us. We went across the river. Then came the Merille tribesmen.

Each plane dipped close to the ground and dropped its cargo which consisted of large rope-metal nets with weights on the corners. The tribesmen rushing into these "traps" screamed in surprise as they found themselves entangled. They were unable to use their rifles for they would have shot each other. We watched them at a safe distance. Finally they shouted in their native tongue that they surrendered. By this time we had five hundred troops from the Second Regiment from Ethiopia. We had won a battle — without firing a single shot.

I went into a conference with Colonel Galata, who in addition to being in charge of the Regiment, was also the Governor of Hara Province. He agreed that I could take back with me half of the tribesmen. The other half he would conduct to Addis Ababa.

So back went the prisoners in chains. They were paraded through the largest Turkana village. Buda, the son of D'Gombi, spoke to his people:

"See them in defeat. They were captured with nets. Like fish from the pond."

So that ended the legend of their power. As for those nets — I had collected them over a period of two years. And who made them? The Merille tribesmen themselves. The finest nets in the world used for fishing had caught an unusual haul.

— THE END —

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 16, 1918, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1925, AND JULY 1, 1925, BY THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE, CONCERNING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF:

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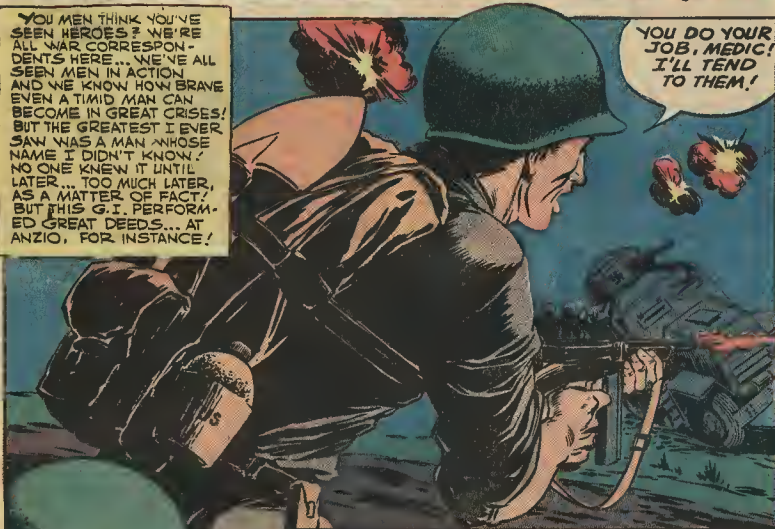
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THE NAMELESS HERO

YOU MEN THINK YOU'VE SEEN HEROES? WE'RE ALL WAR CORRESPONDENTS HERE... WE'VE ALL SEEN MEN IN ACTION AND WE KNOW HOW BRAVE EVEN A TIMID MAN CAN BECOME IN GREAT CRIES! BUT THE GREATEST I EVER SAW WAS A MAN WHOSE NAME I DIDN'T KNOW. NO ONE KNEW IT UNTIL LATER... TOO MUCH LATER, AS A MATTER OF FACT! BUT THIS G.I. PERFORMED GREAT DEEDS... AT ANZIO, FOR INSTANCE!

YOU DO YOUR JOB, MEDIC! I'LL TEND TO THEM!



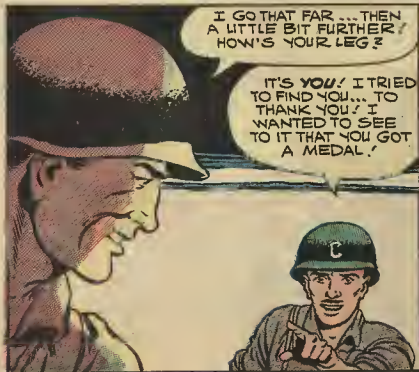
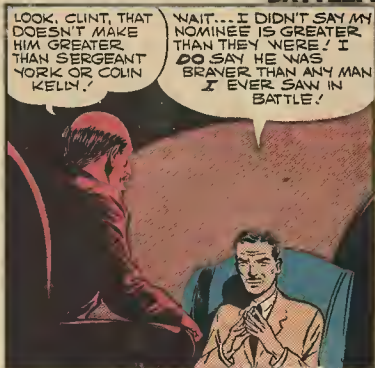
HE DID... THAT ONE MAN FOUGHT LIKE A FURY WHILE THE MEDIC PATCHED ME UP AND HELPED ME TO - WARD THE REAR AREA...

WHO IS HE, MEDIC? GET HIS NAME... HE SHOULD GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!

NO, THE MEDIC DIDN'T KNOW HIM... HE RE-JOINED HIS OUTFIT AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN ON THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

HE SHOVELED ME INTO A
LITTLE NATURAL FOX-HOLE...

GET DOWN! IF ONE LANDS
NEAR ME, WE'LL **BOTH**
GET BLOWN SKY-HIGH!



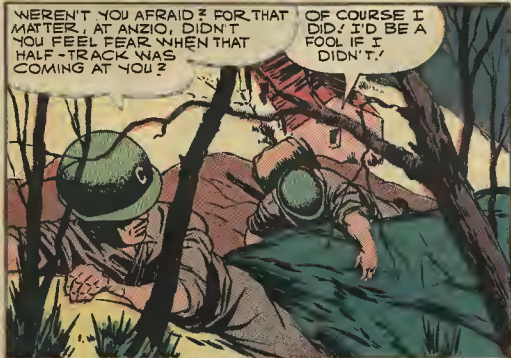
AFTER THE SHELLING STOPPED
I LEARNED WHY HE'D STAYED
AWAY FROM ME...

I'VE GOT **NITRO**
IN THIS PACK-- IT'S
TRICKY STUFF! IF
I WAS HIT, WE'D
BOTH GO!

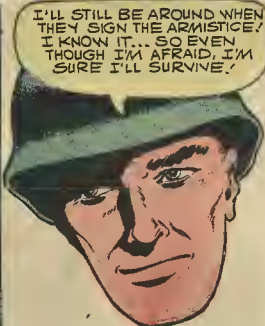


WEREN'T YOU AFRAID? FOR THAT
MATTER, AT ANZIO, DIDN'T
YOU FEEL FEAR WHEN THAT
HALF-TRACK WAS
COMING AT YOU?

OF COURSE I
DID! I'D BE A
FOOL IF I
DIDN'T!



I'LL STILL BE AROUND WHEN
THEY SIGN THE ARMISTICE!
I KNOW IT... SO EVEN
THOUGH I'M AFRAID, I'M
SURE I'LL SURVIVE!



IT'S JUST A
HUNCH, MIND
YOU... BUT
IT'S A
STRONG
HUNCH!



I WENT WITH THE MAN UP TO THE OUTPOST NEAREST
MONTE CASSINO...

I'LL BE WATCHING
WITH MY FIELD
GLASSES! WHAT'S
YOUR OBJECTIVE?

THERE'S A PILL BOX
ABOVE US-- I'VE
GOT TO GET IT!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

WHO IS HE, SERGEANT?
WHAT'S HIS NAME?

I DUNNO, SIR!
ALL I KNOW IS
HE'S BLOWN UP
A DOZEN GUN
POSITIONS ON
THIS MOUNTAIN! A
LOT OF US WOULDN'T
BE ALIVE EXCEPT
FOR HIM.



I WATCHED HIM
APPROACHING THAT
GUN POSITION...



IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE! TWO GERMAN
SOLDIERS TRIED TO GET TO HIM... BOTH
FAILED! THEN, HE COOLY SET HIS
CHARGE -- AND RAN...



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW ANXIOUS I WAS BY THEN TO GET HIS NAME! BUT, AS IT DEVELOPED, WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME...

GET DOWN, MISTER!



I DIDN'T... BUT I SAW HIM AT WORK IN THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN! IT WAS AT CASTLE-FORTE, ITALY, MAY 14, 1944...

TAKE COVER!
THERE'S A
SNIPER
UP
THERE!



THE GERMANS WERE COUNTERATTACKING OUR POSITION... WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, I LOOKED FOR MY FRIEND...

HIM? PROBABLY GONE
BACK FOR MORE
NITRO!

I'VE GOT TO
LEARN HIS
NAME!



THAT CHARACTER ACTS LIKE
HE'S BULLET-PROOF! LOOK,
HE GOT THE SNIPER!



WAIT-- YOU'RE
NOT GETTING
AWAY THIS
TIME!

SORRY, I'VE
GOT TO RE-
JOIN MY
PLATOON!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

YOU FOUND HIM,
DIDN'T YOU? YOU
WOULDN'T LET A
STORY LIKE
THAT GET
AWAY!

I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T...
THEN! WHEN THE
DIVISION WAS PULLED
OUT, AND SHIPPED TO
ENGLAND FOR THE NOR-
MANDY INVASION,
I WENT ALONG
AND SAW HIM
ON D DAY...



...THE NAZIS HAD FORTIFIED A BLUFF LYING IN
FROM THE BEACH! THIS GUY WAS THE FIRST
TO SCALE THAT BLUFF IN OUR SECTOR...



COME ON!
HE KNOCKED
OUT THOSE
GUNS -- WE
CAN MAKE
IT NOW!



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Lynbrook, New York

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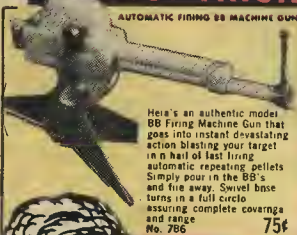
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No. 247

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

IT WAS AMAZING -- HE SEEMED TO BE EVERYWHERE WHEN HE WAS NEEDED -- AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO NOTICED HIM...

WELL, I SAW ONE OF OUR BOYS KNOCK OUT THE GUNS... BUT I DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE!



SOME DAY, I'LL LEARN HIS NAME AND SEE THAT HE GETS THE RECOGNITION HE DESERVES!



I SPENT WEEKS AT A TIME WITH THE TROOPS AND, WHEREVER I WENT IN COMBAT, THERE HE WAS...



I NEVER LEARNED HIS NAME! THAT MAKES ME A POOR REPORTER, I GUESS, BUT I DID MY BEST! THEN, THE GREAT DAY CAME... V.E. DAY!

MAN, WE'RE GOING HOME! WE MADE IT!

THERE'S MY BOY! I'LL GET HIS NAME THIS TIME!



YOU WERE RIGHT! YOU LASTED OUT THE WAR! REMEMBER ME?

I SURE DO! LET'S GO DOWN THE ROAD -- IT'S TOO NOISY HERE!



NOW, TELL ME... WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

MY NAME'S LOU SHIELDS! I'M FROM COLUMBUS, OHIO!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

WE TALKED A LOT... AND WE WALKED IN AN AREA WHERE BITTER FIGHTING HAD BEEN GOING ON HOURS BEFORE...

I DIDN'T WANT MEDALS ANYHOW! I JUST WANTED TO LIVE OUT THE WAR!



I DID IT, DIDN'T I? THE WAR'S OVER AND I'M STILL ALIVE!



I DIDN'T SEE THE GERMAN SOLDIER... BUT THE G.I. DID! AND HE HAD ONE LAST HEROIC ACT LEFT TO PERFORM...

LOOK OUT!



I'M THROUGH... I KNOW... IT... DON'T LET THEM DO ANYTHING TO THAT JERRY... I SAW HIM... HE WAS OUT OF... HIS HEAD...



YOUR HERO IS AS GOOD AS ANY OF THEM, CLINT! DID YOU EVER GET HIM THE DECORATIONS HE DESERVED?

NO, NO BIT OF CLOTH OR METAL HAS BEEN GIVEN LOU SHIELDS! BUT HE'S NOT FORGOTTEN...

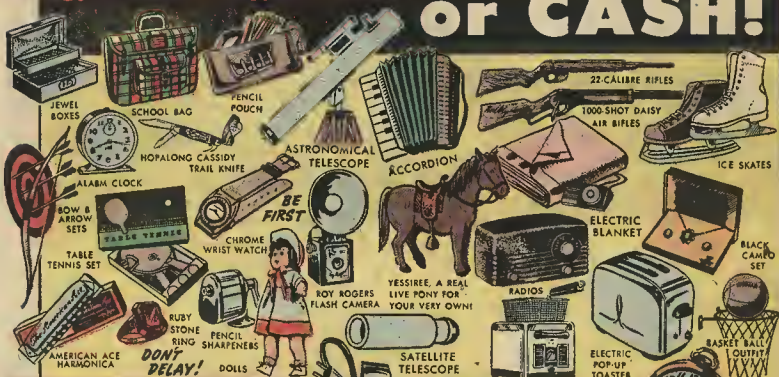



...HE'S BURIED IN FRANCE -- HIS BUDDIES IN HIS SQUAD SEND A MAN EACH YEAR TO PUT FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE! I VOLUNTEERED THIS YEAR...



END

GIVEN! GIVEN! YES, WE GIVE YOU PREMIUMS or CASH!



YOURS FREE
 **SEND FOR**
 this big, powerful
MAGIC
MAGNIFIER

**JUST MAIL
COUPON !**

**THIS IS A TERRIFIC OFFER
LOOK WHAT YOU GET**

Yes — we'll send you the **MAGIC MAGNIFIER** absolutely **FREE!** Study insects, plant life, rocks, stamps, fingerprints, etc. Also — we'll send **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE & Big Catalog** showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Dolls, Rifles, Fishing Outfits, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid). You simply offer **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** — easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50¢ a Tube. Rush coupon to start.

**MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MAGNIFIER
BIG CATALOG and ORDER OF SALVE**

**SOLD
BY AGENTS
AND DRUG
STORES
EVERYWHERE**

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
★
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS DESCRIBED OR SATISFIED

**OVER
64
YEARS!**

MAIL COUPON—*Magnifier Sent FREE!*

Date _____

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial, 14 tubes of WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 50c a tube. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE 'MAGIC MAGNIFIER'.

Name _____ Age _____

St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____

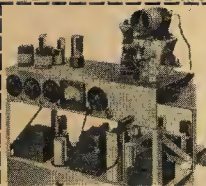
Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

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NAME HERE

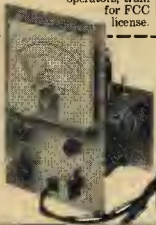
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
DEPT. 99-1, TYRONE, PA.



YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

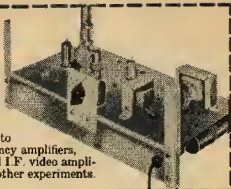


YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get

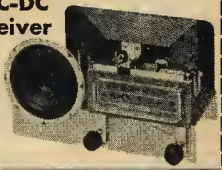
YOU BUILD Signal Generator

N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.



YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.



Learn RADIO TELEVISION by Practicing at Home

WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KCCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.



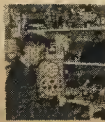
Paid for Instruments

"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.



Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, N.R.I. training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax South Dakota



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Today's OPPORTUNITY field is Radio-Television. Over 125 million home Radios plus 30 million sets in cars and 40,000,000 Television sets mean big money for trained Radio-TV Technicians. More than 4,000 Radio and TV Broadcasting stations offer interesting and important positions for technicians, operators. Color television, portable TV sets, Hi-Fi, other developments assure future growth.

It's the trained man who gets ahead. The fellow who uses his spare time to develop knowledge and skill gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows

and can do. So plan now to get into Radio-TV.

Keep your job while training with N.R.I. You learn at home in your spare time. N.R.I. is oldest and largest home study Radio-TV School. Our methods have proved successful for more than 40 years, provide practical experience.

Soon after enrolling, many N.R.I. students start to earn \$10, \$15 a week extra in spare time fixing sets. Many open their own full time Radio-TV shops after getting N.R.I. Diploma. Find out more. Mail Coupon. Cost is low, terms easy; includes all equipment. Address: National Radio Institute, Dept. 9AK3, Washington, D.C.

Send for
**LESSON
and CATALOG
FREE**

VETERANS
Available under
G.I. Bills



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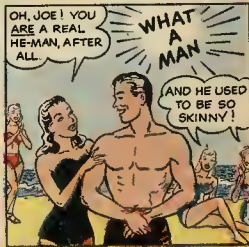
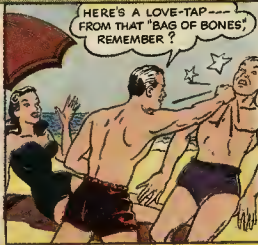
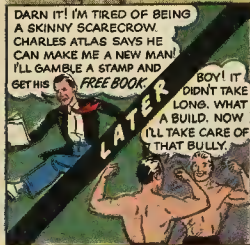
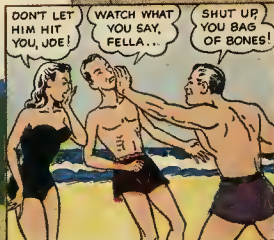
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. 9AK3, Washington 16, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog,
FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

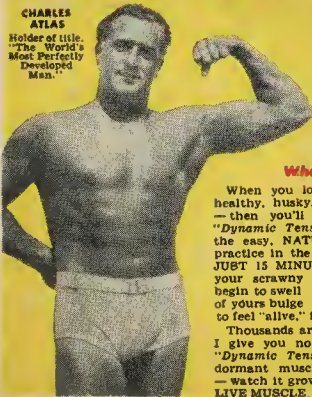
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"The World's
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P EOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system. "Dynamic Tension" It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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